

# Into the Ashes

To raise the darkness to the light, you must descend to their level....

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Into the ashes, an angel has fallen.

Her wings, stained with the dust of heaven, barely recognisable in the depths of twilight. Her heart, beating with the hope of awakening, scarcely visible in the waters of darkness. Her eyes, once open to the wonders of the light, are closed to the dream of eternal life...

And her spirit, battling to escape the hellish chains, knows not her power to reignite...

I have seen her before her fall.

Beautiful, transcendent, beaming with the radiance of the sublime - her wings burning with the fires of alchemy, her heartbeat passionate with the power of the light. Joyful, blissful, flowing with the rhythm of eternity - her eyes shimmering with reverent awe, her spirit enlightened with the presence of the Divine...

And then it happened.

The darkness. Encroaching upon the Kingdom  
Within. The light. Defying the onslaught of the night.  
A standoff between the forces of hell and heaven. A  
war between the powers of good and evil...

A battle began, for the salvation of souls. A battle for the promise of heaven, for the fate of the higher realms. Many were called, and few were chosen, to fight in the war of eternities. Many were asked, and few answered, the quest to fulfil their destiny...

And she answered.

Standing in the halls of the eternal light, gazing into the presence of the Divine. Bathing in the fountains of mercy, embraced by the beauty of the sublime. In her soul, a desire to speak to the ascended. In her spirit, a longing to commune with the enlightened...

And with all the faith in her yearning heart, she asked the heavens high...

“Who will you send to the realm of the Fallen, to guide the darkness into the light?”

The Divine looked at her longing soul, and saw innocence and purity. The sovereign heard her plaintive plea, and saw hope and fidelity. Undying faith in her youthful smile, bursting with grace and integrity. Unvanquished love in her fearless gaze, brimming with power and majesty...

And the light descended into her heart, and whispered to her those silent words...

“I shall send you...”

“How, may I turn the darkness back to the light...”

And the light answered...

“To raise the darkness to the light, you must descend to their level. To turn the Fallen to faith, you must emphasise with their suffering. To restore the souls of the wounded, you must bear their scars. To heal the hearts of the broken, you must feel their burdens...”

“I am willing...”

And the light bowed down.

“Then I am well pleased. I will send you into the Kingdom of the Fallen, and you will do great works for me. Have no fear, for I am always with you, as you are always with me...”

“But what if I fall...”

And the light replied...

“Then I will ensure that you rise...”

The angel smiled, knowing that the Divine shall never let her go. Deep in her soul she felt, that the ascended will always love her whole. Even if she falls, darkness is temporary, and her destiny is eternal life. Even if she fails, the shadows are defeated, and the victory is in the light...

A path emerged before her feet - away from the  
Kingdom Within, into the twilight of illusions and lies.  
A gateway opened to the Fallen Kingdom - away from  
the heavenly lights, into the darkness of conflict and  
strife...

And the light touched her heart, reassuring her of the  
promise of their victory...

So she entered.

# Darkness

And the light wept at the knowledge of her destiny...

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She stood between the kingdoms of heaven and hell, gazing into the shadow of the Fallen. Perched at the threshold between darkness and light, staring into the realm of the forgotten. Reluctant to leave the safety of the Kingdom Within, holding on to the embrace of the almighty. Unwilling to let go of the celestial warmth, her heart beating with the soul of the Divine...

And she was afraid.

Afraid of the darkness that ravages the Fallen, the temptation that corrodes the soul. Afraid of the shadows that enslave the spirit, the blasphemy that ravishes the heart. Afraid of the twilight, the blindness of night, the illusions that shatter the resolve. Afraid of the depths, the abyssal shades, the shackles that enchain the will...

So she closed her eyes.

She imagined a universe where there was only light - the light of friendship, of harmony, of eternal life. She visualised a realm where there was only warmth - the warmth of peace, of hope, of beauty divine. She dreamt of a world overflowing with love - the love of grace, of mercy, of splendour unashamed. She envisioned a Kingdom Within brimming with glory - the glory of faith, of courage, of power untamed...

And she remembered that it was all inside.

A spark reignited in her beating heart, as she reawakened to the presence of the light. A flame rekindled in her glowing chest, as she rediscovered the majesty of the sublime. A fire of radiance, of burning passion, guiding her steps into the shadows. A flicker of divinity, of undying courage, lighting her path into the darkness...

And the fear was swept away.

So she entered.

A path dimly lit appeared beneath her feet, leading into the territory of the Fallen. A passage of twilight materialised before her eyes, woven into the realm of the forgotten. A journey of adversity her spirit would undertake, to fulfil her heavenly calling. An endeavour of tribulation her soul would attest, to realise her sovereign destiny...

She was ready.

Or was she?

Within her first step upon the staircase of the Fallen, hell felt her power acclaimed. Within her first mark upon the halls of the forgotten, the darkness sensed her unvanquished beauty. Within her first movement, the shadows conspired for her fall. Within her second breath, the abyss chose to desire her soul...

And they would stop at nothing to ensure that she will not rise.

She turned around, distraught with sorrow, to see heaven one last time. She gazed deeply, overwhelmed with grief, staring at the gateway's light. A tear, drawn from her heart, upon her angelic face. A sob, spoken from her soul, below her watery eyes...

Returning to the darkness, she began the pilgrimage of eternities...

And the light wept at the knowledge of her destiny.

# War of Eternities

And as the final words bled from her heart, she placed her sword upon the battlefield...

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Protected by the power of faith, an angel ventured into the shadows of night. Defended by the presence of grace, a brilliant light entered the darkness blind. Shining through the illusions, a sword of truth within the masses of lies. Flickering through the depths, a ray of hope within the legions of despair...

And in those hellish realms, that angel decided to survive.

For though she knew the power of the light, pulsing through her veins - she heard the wrath of the darkness, petrifying the air. Though she held the beauty of the divine, beating in her heart - she sensed the power of the shadows, ever instilling fear...

But she did not feel fear...

She felt pain.

The pain of losing her beloved to the abyss of hell, the agony of her friends falling into the darkness' spell. The suffering of souls enslaved to the infernal chains, the sorrow of angels imprisoned in blasphemy's reins...

And that pain was not her own - all of heaven and earth was bound to its reign. That agony was not just



hers - the entire universe was shackled to its rule. All of eternity was wounded by the shadows. All of divinity bore the scars of the rebellion...

And she had lost a part of herself.

When the darkness attacked the sovereign, she fought for the virtue of the heavens. When the enemy invaded the Kingdom, she stood in the battlefield of salvation. A warrior, fighting for the innocence of the slain. A guardian, upholding the faith of the realms...

She remembered the armies of the light, arrayed in their divine glory. She could see the forces of the abyss, robed with infernal power. The faithful versus the fallen, fighting for the destiny of the realms. The forgotten against the ascended, contending for the fate of Creation itself...

And she was there.

Her sword of truth by her side, her armour of fire defending her soul. Her wings of radiance shining bright, her shield of salvation protecting her whole. Scattering the legions of the Fallen, shattering their infernal power. Destroying the ranks of the forgotten, breaking their weapons of darkness...

The enemy continued to rise.

Endless armies of demons and shades, marching towards the entrance to the Kingdom. Vast battalions

of malignant souls, striving for the gates of heaven.  
Hellfire maces and shadowform steel, held by their  
fiendish side. Swords of darkness and blades of spite,  
sheathed in iron hide...

And she was afraid.

Afraid of losing the Kingdom Within, that reigned for  
aeons apart. Afraid of failing the divine light, that  
ruled since eras afar. Afraid of the ruthlessness of the  
depths, that rose to vanquish and conquer. Afraid of  
the merciless darkness, that hungered to ravage and  
destroy...

So she bowed.

The enemy saw her kneeling form, and snarled in  
hellish pleasure. The abyss felt her fading hope, and  
howled with wrathful delight. The forces closed in  
upon her tearful soul, threatening to consume her  
entire. The shadows surrounded her praying figure,  
desiring to ravish her whole...

And as the final words bled from her heart, she placed  
her sword upon the battlefield...

“Amen.”

Light. Infinite light. Pouring from heaven high.  
Streaming from the realms into the battlefield's eye.  
Power. Divine power. Radiating from the earth.  
Flowing from the Kingdom into the war-zone's core. A

surge of energy, of blazing flame, from the Spirit of the Divine. An explosion of brilliance, of resplendent fire, from the presence of the sublime...

And she rose.

She glared at the hordes of the enemy, victory in her eyes. She stared at the forces of darkness, triumph in her soul. Her sword, burning with newfound hope, wielded in her arms. Her shield, glowing with renewed strength, brandished at her chest...

And she charged.

They charged.

Into the masses of the Fallen, slaying the legions of darkness. Through the battalions of the enemy, crushing the shades of the abyss. Destroying the resistance of the forgotten, defeating the armies of shadow. Annihilating the power of the descended, conquering the forces of rebellion...

And she smiled.

They had won.

But her heart was broken.

A third of heaven had lost.

# Lost

“She did not want her friend to suffer...”

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Standing at the Battlefield of Eternities, wielding her sword of flame - an angel gazed into the ashes, tears flowing down her cheeks. Stationed at the aftermath of war untold, grasping her shield of faith - a warriorress stared into the shadows, her eyes closed in sorrow. Her heart, still aching for the salvation of souls, bled from the wrath of the lower realm - a realm of bloodshed and hatred, a realm that received no relief. Her spirit, still fighting for the redemption of the Fallen, torn by the vengeance of the enemy - an enemy of darkness and rebellion, an enemy that knew no mercy...

An enemy that defied the light.

The angel wept, remembering when all of Creation was light. The innocent one sobbed, reminded of the beauty of the celestial sky. The entire universe, complete and whole, ascending in symphony divine. The undivided heavens, united as One, evolving in splendour sublime...

And as she looked at the forces of the enemy, the soul of heaven cried.

Scattered by the battalions of the angels, defeated by the power of heaven - legions dispersed in unrest forsaken, hungering for the souls of the slain. Reviled by the forces of justice, crushed by the authority of the

angels - shades shifted in unquiet death, thirsting for the triumph of the abyss. Still they laid in their infernal scheme, refusing to bow to their binding fate - the fate of banishment to the lower realm, to the reign of separation and duality. Still they denied the power of salvation, resisting their inevitable sentence - the sentence of punishment in hell, of affliction in the fires of descension...

She knew the suffering of that reality.

She had seen the chains that enslave, the cords that bind the spirit. She had felt the corruption that deprives, the iniquity that corrodes the soul. Still she recognised the necessity for retribution, for the Fallen to understand their sin. Surely she perceived the need for judgement, for the descended to learn from their evil...

She did not want her friend to suffer.

She remembered when they were comrades in heaven, united by the beauty of their hearts. She recalled when they were angels of light, glorified in the majesty of the righteous. She reminisced their hopes and dreams, of ascension and love and family. She relived their passions and joys, of creativity and song and service...

And then, the darkness took her.

Tempted by the promise of power and lust, she left the safety of heaven. Persuaded by the lie of falsehood and desire, she renounced the sanctuary of the skies. Coerced by the Fallen, she joined the rebellion, twisting the destiny of the light. Compelled by the shadows, she chose the descended, forgetting the beauty of the Divine...

And she lost herself.

Possessed by the passions of the Fallen, she dived deeper and deeper into the darkness. Controlled by the desires of the forgotten, she descended further and further into the shadows. Deigned by the temptations of blindness, she sold her light for impurity. Clouded by the mists of infidelity, she traded her divinity for spite...

And then, she joined the legions of darkness in the War of Eternities.

The angel cried, thinking about her friend, whom must be condemned for her transgressions. She sobbed, still believing in mercy, for the forgiveness of rebellion. She prayed to heaven that her friend be saved, that she may have another chance. She begged the light that her beloved be moved, to hear the words of reconciliation...

And she collapsed, seeing her standing amongst the souls of the Fallen.

Recovering from her shock, she flew to her Fallen friend, her wings spread in angelic might. Believing in grace, she soared to her beloved, her hand outstretched in mercy divine. With uncertain hope, she descended next to her sister, her eyes brimming with tears of compassion. With decisive faith, she knelt before her companion, her heart beating with the promise of reunion...

And she screamed.

# Fallen

“...her sister would not understand her, for she had fallen too far...”

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The Fallen angel grinned, savouring the pain of her former friend, whom so eagerly opened her heart. The dark one laughed, feeling the agony of her angelic sister, whom so easily trusted her will. Plunging the sword deeper into her soul, she twisted its blazing steel. Forcing the weapon harder into her body, she brandished its burning form...

And then she realised, it was her.

The weapon. Dropped upon the earth. The battlefield. Frozen in time eternal. The angel. Keeling in suffering ineffable. The dark one. Stunned by her sister's presence...

And the angel embraced her.

Crying, sobbing, into her beloved's chest. Tears, outpouring, into her sister's breast. Sorrow, unlimited, within the angel's heart. Hope, infinite, still within her soul...

And the dark one smiled.

“Gloria... Is it you...”

The angel cried.



“Yes... It’s me...”

“Why did I hurt you...”

“You didn’t know better...”

“I’m sorry...”

“It’s ok...”

“What have I done...”

The dark one looked down.

“Will God forgive me...”

Silence.

The angel looked at her sister’s dying light, and knew she did not believe in forgiveness. The dark one wept in tears of shame, thinking that she could not change. Darkness and light touched each other, and felt each others’ pain. Heaven and hell met together, and sensed one another’s heartache...

And the enemy knew how to twist this.

The darkness whispered to the Fallen angel, that she did not want to change. The shadows lied to the dark one, that the light could not feel her pain. That condemnation is a curse upon those who sin, and

forgiveness is far away. That judgement is there for those who fear, and hope is distant awry...

And that her sister would not understand her, for she had fallen too far.

The dark one refused the blasphemies of evil, feeling the angel's love - resisting the lies of the devil, reaching for heaven's grace. She denied the voices of temptation, sensing her sister's presence - defying the enemy's control, searching for faith divine. Within her heart her deepest fear, tugged at her very soul - the fear of falling even further, as she was too far astray. Still within her soul her darkest secrets, tore at her very spirit - the secrets of what she had done, in the cloak of darkness' reign...

And she was afraid.

Afraid of confessing to her sister of light, the deeds of her darkened heart. Afraid of revealing to the heavens high, the crimes of her Fallen soul. Afraid of the cursed presence, that threatened to engulf her whole. Afraid of their vile ambition, that encroached with mortality untold...

And she was afraid that the light would not save her, from the power of darkness manifold.

The Fallen angel held her sister's hand, extended in mercy fine. The dark one clasped her beloved's arm, unfurled in hope sublime. Though she feared the

radiance of the light, she yearned for the will divine.  
Though she revered the sorcery of night, she longed  
for beauty thine...

And the light invited her to see.

She saw a choice. Of heaven or hell. Of forgiveness or  
judgement. She knew a decision. Of light or darkness.  
Of reunion or condemnation. In a moment. Of good  
or evil. Of faith or fear. In a second. Of truth or  
blasphemy. Of reality or illusion...

Then the darkness enticed her to remember.

She remembered her expulsion from heaven, to be  
exiled to the earth. She reimagined her banishment  
from the light, to be sentenced to the shadows' girth.  
She reminisced her sister's faithful heart, yet her  
sinful Fallen soul. She recalled her beloved's devoted  
spirit, yet her rebellious forsaken hell...

And she believed, that God would not forgive her, of  
the transgressions that constituted her self.

As the angel waited for her sister to turn, the enemy  
commanded the dark one to return...

And she let go.

# Gone

“Father, have mercy on her, for she knows not what she is doing...”

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She let go.

Falling, falling, into the expanses of darkness that surrounded the girth. Drowning, drowning, in the waters of shadow that filled the earth. Descending, descending, into the ashes of war that engulfed her whole. Dying, dying, to the violent forces that desired her spirit...

And she surrendered to the enemy, the enemy that had hungered for her soul.

The angel stood in silent terror, as her sister withdrew towards the legions of hell. She wept in helpless mercy, as her beloved retreated into the armies of the abyss. She grieved with heartache forsaken, as the dark one ventured into the presence of the forgotten. She sobbed with grace forlorn, as the lost one entered the realm of temptation...

And she fell onto her knees, as her kindred friend disembarked for the lies of the Fallen.

And there was silence.

The sky darkened in melancholy, drained by the aftermath of war. The heavens closed in lamentation, weary from the ruthlessness of conflict. The Divine

turned away from the face of the earth, unable to tame  
her sorrow. Infinity averted the battlefield's girth,  
incapable of bearing its woe...

But the loss of eternities did not matter.

Sophia was gone.

Ever gone.

But she had hope.

Weeping, pleading, the angel spoke to the sovereign  
light, asking for a way to save her sister. Broken,  
bleeding, she knelt before the heavens high, begging  
for the redemption of the Fallen. For in her heart, she  
could still feel, the bond between her lost friend and  
her soul. Within her hands, she could still hold, the  
love between her companion and her spirit...

And that meant, there was time.

There was time to save those who can be saved, to  
redeem the souls of the forgotten. There was time to  
descend as they have descended, to emphasise with  
their darkness. To sing for her beloved's eternal soul,  
lost in the ashes of shadow. To fight for her sister's  
destiny dire, condemned to the fate of the Fallen...

For as long as the power of faith would be alive...

She would live every day, dying for their return to heaven.

And dreaming of their future reunion, she prayed those words divine...

“Father, have mercy on her, for she knows not what she is doing...”

And she cried.

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The angel opened her tearful eyes, waking from a nightmarish bliss. She touched her ever bleeding heart, still yearning to reminisce. She gazed at the twilight path, leading deeper into the abyss. She held onto the promise thine, that there was more to faith than this...

For she had sacrificed everything, to delve into this realm...

And all she had left was hope.

The hope that she may save the forgotten, and restore her sister divine. The longing to rescue the forgotten, and save her beloved from blight. The desire to connect with dying souls, and heal their broken hearts. The calling to emphasise with Fallen angels, and awaken them to their light...

But she did not want hope...

She wanted an answer.

“Father, will I save Sophia...”

She daringly asked the sovereign light.

“You sent me to save the Fallen, so equip me for this battle. My sister is my greatest love, with her I am safe. With her missing from my heart, I can never be free...

And why have you chosen me...”

The Father bowed down before his daughter, and told her those words true...

“Sophia will be saved through you, but how you are not ready to know. She indeed is your greatest love, and I love her as you do. I shall equip you for this battle, in ways you do not yet see...

And I have chosen you for your mercy, for your willingness to believe...”

The angel smiled.

“Then lead me to her. Please...”

And the light did.

# Divergence

...she knew she was willing, to fall for her sister to arise...

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Rumbling. From the darkened earth. Trembling. From the shadowy terrain. Rippling. As the path diverged. Thundering. As a passage emerged...

A passage that lead into the obscurity of dusk.

The angel gazed into the unknown depths, uncertainty in her mind. She looked upon the forgotten realm, uneasiness in her eyes. Fear encroached upon her undying light, unwilling to surrender its hold. Pain attacked her unvanquished love, reluctant to negate its power...

And conflict emerged in her faltering heart, tearing at her spirit thine.

The angel saw a heartwrenching choice - of safety or darkness' blight. She knew the protection of faith divine - the twilight path aright. She yearned for her sister's presence - lost in the depths of night. Still she believed in destiny's call - their future shining bright...

So she ventured towards the darkened path, eclipsed by the veil of midnight.

Lighting the way with her eternal faith, she assented to the curtains of shadow. Enlightening the path with her infinite grace, she consented to the encroach of



dusk. Treading into the mouth of the abyss, she accepted the entrench of darkness. Striding into the gates of hell, she followed the incursion of twilight...

And upon her first step into the Midnight Passage, her light began to decline...

This was not meant to be.

“Father, why should I not save my sister...”

Her hurtful plaintive cry.

“It is not her time to be saved...”

The compassionate reply.

“I don’t want to bear my pain no longer...”

Her wounded tear-scarred words.

“As I bear the same pain as you...”

The patient peaceful pledge.

“You promised me that I will save her, but how you would not let me know...”

“For you are not ready to know...”

“Then how will I be able to heal her...”

“Rest now, and soon you shall know...”

The angel stopped at the divergence steep, and felt her longing true. The daughter remained at the cloven path, and heard her heartbreak due. She desired her sister's return, more than the words of grace. She hoped for her beloved to turn, more than truth's embrace...

And she yearned for an answer refined, more than the works of faith.

She knew the treachery of the shadows, the wickedness of darkness's reign. She saw the evil of the abyss, the depravity of hell inane. Yet she knew not the future behold, the predestine presence of hope. She saw not the divine decree, the sovereign word of might...

And she doubted her calling, her place in eternity's light.

A choice. Of pain or belief. A decision. Of fear or trust. A second. Of patience or compulsion. A moment. Of rest or temptation...

And she looked at her inner light, asking for a definite insight...

The response was the same.

She was not ready.

Then she reflected upon the heavenly temple, when the light declared she would rise. She remembered her sister's beauty, holding her hand in paradise. She saw her beloved's splendour, before her descending demise. She felt their divine victory, their destiny to realise...

And she knew she was willing, to fall for her sister to arise.

That was enough to make her ready.

So she hid her wings...

She dimmed her light...

And she advanced into the territory of night.

## Fear

With the last of her fading faith, she opened her heart to the ascended...

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And the night advanced into her.

Silent, deadly, voices encroached into her mind, commanding her to forsake her faith. Vicious, menacing, thoughts invaded her conscience, tempting her to forget her destiny. Refusing to acknowledge her holy truth, the darkness defied her presence divine. Impatient to devour her heavenly beauty, the shadows thirsted for her essence whole...

And the abyss shuddered in its nightmare dream, reaching towards her soul.

The angel delved further into the Midnight Path, resisting the threats of fear. The warriorress ventured deeper into the Halls of Night, knowing her sister was near. With the hope in her unvanquished heart, the strength to fight was born. With the love in her undefeated spirit, the power to believe was unearthed...

And with the power in her undying light, the desire of salvation was birthed...

But was she ready?

She was not prepared to face the onslaughts of the enemy, nor the darkness' ruthless fury. She was not

equipped to fight the shadow's reign, nor the abyss'  
merciless wrath. A wrath that haunted her soul down  
to the very core, inching towards the centre of her  
light. A hatred that chilled her body to the very bone,  
invading the life in her heart...

She was afraid...

Very afraid...

And the darkness heard.

Serpents. Tendrils. Curling from the unknown depths.  
Wisps. Smog. Rising from the murk of unrest.  
Unsleeping beings emerged from the ashes,  
whispering of sorcery defiled. Corrupted souls  
surfaced from the terrain, speaking of everlasting  
death...

She could feel their fear.

The angel stepped back, surrounded by the denizens  
of hell. The warrioress retreated, encompassed by the  
legions of darkness. Slowly they approached her  
weakened spirit, as she bowed to their unholy might.  
Impatiently they reached towards her unsteady form,  
as she fell before their possessive scheme...

As they neared her folded wings, the Kingdom Within  
refused to hide...

And she chose to reveal her light.

With the last of her fading faith, she opened her heart to the ascended. With the remnants of her dying hope, she surrendered to the grace of heaven high. A final decision to defeat the enemy, with the truth of love divine. An sovereign command to rise from fear, with the grace of beauty sublime...

And she rose.

And she awakened.

And she remembered.

That there was nothing to fear.

Calling her sword to reignite, she shattered the chains of shadow. Unfolding her wings to shine, she dissolved the shackles of night. Light poured into her glowing spirit, transcending the power of the Fallen. Radiance flowed through her angelic body, crushing the reign of the forgotten...

She dashed into the masses of the enemy, scattering foe by every foe...

And as she plunged her blade into the darkened hordes, she heard an anguished scream...

It was Sophia.

# Sophia

Bleeding, wounded, ravaged by the wrath of the skies -  
the dark one receded away from the presence divine.  
Scarred, betrayed, hated by the truth of heaven high -  
the lost one withdrew from her sister's light. Suffering  
ravished her dying spirit, as she descended into the  
abyss of darkness. Torment encompassed her hope, as  
she fell into the rule of fear...

And death engulfed her bleeding heart, still beating  
for the mercy so deathly near.

The fallen angel looked below, at the endless depths,  
dreaming of a time where the earth stood there. The  
forgotten soul glanced above, at the midnight heights,  
remembering a moment where love reigned fair. A tear  
of sorrow refused to cry, as she resisted the memories  
fine. A sob of loneliness echoed within, as she denied  
the promise divine...

The promise that she would be free.

The promise that sent her to this twisted realm.

The promise that she despised.

She loathed it with all her heart, her soul, her  
strength. She hated it with all her love, her light, her  
breath. With the remnant of life that remained in her,  
she would curse with words of spite. With the spark of  
grace that abided in her, she would destroy with  
violent rite...

But it would not change.

The truth would not change.

She would not be freed.

After all the aeons of imprisonment in chains, heaven would not reclaim her right. Before all the eternities of bondage to darkness, the ascended would not consider her light.